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A

STEP

TO THE

BATH:

WITH A

CHARACTER

OF THE

PLACE.

LONDON,
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A STEP TO THE BATH.

THE Town, and its Diverſions, being grown as Stale as a Caſt-off Miſtreſs; and the chiefeſt of its Inhabitants withdrawn to their Rural Pleaſures; and Duns as Impudent as *D*—— the *Poulterian Officer*: So that being Bereav'd of the one, and damnably Fatigu'd by the other; Neceſſity, the Mother of Invention, oblig'd me to take a Country Journey, for Self-preſervation ſake; having Money to *Spend*, tho' none to *Pay*. And the laſt Summers Expedition at the *Wells*, not agreeing with my preſent Conſtitution, and my Inclinations being bent after Novelties, I reſolv'd to Steer my Courſe *Weſtward*, to ſee what Pleaſure thoſe *Pools of Iniquity*, call'd the *BATH*, would afford me. In order for which, I preſently took Hack, and bid him drive me to that terrible Sign the *Sarazens-Head* in *Friday-ſtreet*, where I gave Earneſt for a Place in the following *Mondays* Coach; but being *Saturday*, and late in the Seaſon, I thought I ſhould have no reaſon to Curſe my Company, for mine was the firſt that was taken: But my Tun-Belly'd Hoſteſs, to Encourage me, ſaid, *That notwithſtanding 'twas ſo late in the Week, ſhe doubted not but there would be more Places taken before Night.*

In hopes of which, I left her to prepare for my approaching Journey; and Money being the Life of the Cauſe, I muſter'd up a pretty tolerable Sum, and for conveniency of Carriage, converted it into the Nobleſt of Metals. Then I began to think of the Redemption of ſeveral Captivated Neceſſaries, which an Unlucky Accident had brought into Bondage; as an *Ultramarine Joſeph*, a Pocket Monitor of *Tompion's* Compoſing, and a Silver Hilted *Ripp* of the *Iſlebrook's* Temper; three as neceſſary Implements for a *Traveller*, as *Gooſe*, *Yard*, and *Sheers*, for a *Taylor*. Well, to *Egypt* I went, and Redeem'd them from Slavery.

And by reaſon I would be ready on *Monday* Morning, I went to Lye at the Inn on *Sunday* Night; and Enquiring of the Tapſter what Company I was like to have, he ſaid more he believ'd than I deſir'd; for there was four Places taken juſt after I went, and three of the Paſſengers were in the Houſe, and to Lye there that Night; the other was for a Merchant of *Briſtol*. Then asking what thoſe in the Houſe were, he told me two Gentlewomen and their Maid Servant, who were juſt going to Supper. Whereupon I bid him go and give my Service to 'em, and tell 'em I was to Travel with 'em to Morrow, and ſhould take it as a great favour, if they would pleaſe to Honour me ſo far, as to admit me into their Company, for I was alone. The Fellow brought word they deſir'd me to walk in, and they ſhould be very glad of mine.

This

This being what I wanted, in I went; and after a few Ceremonial Complements, and begging pardon for my Rudeneſs, I told them I was afraid I ſhould have gone alone, but now I found I ſhould be Bleſs'd beyond my Hopes, in having the Honour, or rather Happineſs, of their good Company. *I wiſh, Sir*, reply'd one of 'em, *it may anſwer your expectation, for our Sex is counted but very indifferent Company to Travel with, and you are like to be Fatigu'd with three of us.* As for Children, and Teſty Age, Madam, anſwer'd I, I agree in the Opinion; but otherwiſe, condemn it as Erroneous: And for your Number, The More the Merrier. *That's according as it proves, Sir*, ſaid ſhe; *neither would I have you Flatter your ſelf too ſoon, leaſt your hopes ſhould prove abortive, but rather referr you to old* Saffold's *Advice*, Read, Try, Judge, and ſpeak as you find. I muſt confeſs, Madam, anſwer'd I, Experience is the only Touch-ſtone; but I ſhall be mightily deceiv'd in my Politicks, if it does not make good my Aſſertion. *I Preſume, Sir*, ſaid the other Lady, *You have Studyed* Saunders, *and are well Vers'd in* Phyſiognomy, *or you could never pretend to ſo much Fore-knowledge.* At which I Crav'd the Honour of ſeeing her Hand, telling her, I had ſome little Skill in *Palmeſtry*, by which Art I perceiv'd ſhe requir'd not much Caſtration; which made them both Laugh: And the firſt Lady ask'd me, if I had any Skill in *Chiromancy*, for the ſame Author Profeſt both. I told her no; but was ſatisfied ſhe had; for her Charms had rais'd ſuch a Spirit in me, that I knew not how to lay it without her Aſſiſtance. *I never underſtood* Magick, *I Proteſt, Sir*, reply'd ſhe, *and am mightily afraid of a Spirit: Therefore let's Diſcourſe no more of ſuch Unruly things, that neither of us know how to Govern.* Your Power is as abſolute in Laying as in Raiſing of them, Lady, anſwer'd I; but ſince 'tis your Pleaſure, your Command ſhall be Obey'd, and I'll Shape my Diſcourſe to what Subject you Pleaſe.

But Supper coming in, they deſir'd me to ſit down with them, and having more Manners than to refuſe ſo good a Proffer, I comply'd with their Requeſt, and fed very Heartily. The Glaſs went Briskly about, that we were as Merry, as a knot of Joval Tinkers over a Cup of Nappy-Ale, and I began to like my Company extraordinary well; but the Charming Inchantreſs and I, interchang'd ſo many learing Ogles, that I could hardly mind our Diſcourſe; Yet I underſtood ſo much, that ſhe was a *Widdow*, the other a *Wife*, and both Sifters, and alſo Strangers to the Place they were going to, as well as I; and had no other Call but Recreation; But I was for fulfilling the Scriptures, in comforting the *Widdow*. Supper being ended, they call'd for a Bill, which was preſently brought; out I lugg'd, and was going to Diſcharge, but they begg'd my Pardon, and would by no means ſuffer me; telling me I muſt ſubmit to the Rule that is generally obſerv'd in Travelling, for the *Major* of either Sex to Treat the *Minor*. I muſt Acknowledge, Ladies, ſaid I, 'tis an Old Cuſtome ſo to do, but we are not now on the Road; however that Avail'd not, they pleaded the Prerogative of the Majority, and carry'd it *Nolens Volens*. Seeing they were ſo Reſolute, I diſpenc'd with the Affront, conſidering I had often put up a greater, and would not preſs too hard leaſt it ſhould prevail; but that was a needleſs Thought, for the Young Widdow drew from between her Snowy Breaſts, a Purſe Cramm'd as full of *Yellow-Boys*, as a Clerk of a Markets Bag of *Copper John*'s, and Diſcharg'd the whole. Seeing of which, I thought I could do no leſs in Honour than call for my Flask; Craving Leave to preſent them with it as my Foy; and being a little Elevated with the Noble Juice, we were as jocund and frollickſome, as a Countrey-Vicar at a Goſſiping. In came the Wine, without Diſputing who ſhould pay for it; but at laſt, Night, the Lovers Bliſs, and Bane of good Company, Oblig'd us to withdraw to our Chambers. Upon which, I told the Ladies, I ſhould think the time very tedious till I ſhould be ſo happy as to Enjoy their good Company again. *We are apter to believe Sir*, anſwered they, *you will think the Journey ſo, by reaſon of the Dullneſs of it.* Say what I will, Ladies, ſaid I, you Foy'l me with my own Weapons, and are pleas'd to retort my Words to their own Centre. So after a profound Cringe or two, with a Gripe of the Paw, and as many Amorous Glances at my Charming Widdow, who return'd me the like, we parted: But never any happy Bridegroom Long'd for the Approaching Night, more than I for the ſucceeding Morning.

No ſooner had I enter'd my Chamber, but I found a Secret Paſſion had poſſeſt my Soul, and I was all on Fire: Ye Powers, cry'd I, what ſtrange Fever's this that Rages

in

in my Breaſt, and Riots in my Blood? Not Liquid Fire by its firſt Cauſe Fomented, burns Fiercer in Earths Center, than I flame within. Tame this Unruly Flame, or touch her Heart that firſt Kindl'd it, with a Cole from the ſame Altar. Nay 'tis impoſſible to relate how violent my Paſſion rag'd; but in Love I was, that's certain; but whether her Purſe or Perſon begat this Flame, is a very Nice Queſtion, and I proteſt I know not; for, as Mr. *Cowley* ſays,

Gold alone does Paſſion move,
Gold Monopolizes Love.

For Gold has Unreſiſtable Charms as well as Beauty; is of a Corroding Quality; of an Attractive Nature, and bears a great influence o'er the Opticks. And 'twas very probable that Purſe was only Prologue to a far greater Sum; ſo by conſequence muſt needs have ſome Operation; not but the Ladies were both very Amiable, in the Bloom of Vigorous Youth, bore a good Aſpect, had no mean Air, Free, and without Reſerve in their Converſation; and their Deportment declar'd them of no Vulgar Quality. But the Charming Golden Widow was the Idol of my Soul, Subject of my Thoughts, and Center of my Wiſhes; Muſing on whom, at laſt dull *Morpheus* Seal'd my Eyes, to relieve my Captivated Senſes.

But, Oh ye Gods! no Reſt could I obtain,
The Charming Fair did o'er my Slumbers Reign;
And in ſtrange Dreams Augment my Rapid Flame.

By that time Forked *Cynthia* had withdrawn her influence, and bright *Aurora* roſe from *Thetis* Lap, I ſhook off the Drowſy God, and bleſt the joyful Day. Looking out of my Window I perceiv'd they were preparing for our Journey, which made me Rig with all imaginable ſpeed; and as I was going down, who ſhould I meet but my Cherubimical Widow, equip'd like a Goddeſs, and Adorn'd with Ribbon like the Fore-Horſe of a Country-Team? After we had given each other the Time of the Day, *Lord Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *are you but juſt up? Why we are almoſt Ready to go; Certainly you Slept very Sound.* No Madam, anſwered I, ſince I have had the Happineſs of ſee-you, Reſt has been a Stranger to my Breſt. *Have I diſturb'd you Sir*, ſaid ſhe? *If ſo, I ask your Pardon, and am ſorry for it.* Ye Gods, cry'd I, what ſhall I ſay? Or how ſhall I expreſs my ſelf? Inſpire my Tongue with Eloquence, thou God of Love, to make her ſenſible of my pain. Oh Madam, cry'd I, you are Innocent of your Crime, and guilty of the Fact: You have Robb'd me of my Reſt, Fir'd my Blood, and Stolen my Heart; ſee how it Hovers o'er your Panting Breaſt, and fain would gain Admittance. *I Vow Sir*, anſwered ſhe, *your Diſcourſe is ſo Myſterious, that it wants another* Oedipus *to unfold. And for what you are pleas'd to charge me withal, is a falſe Accuſation; neither have I Vacancy to Entertain it.* Ah Madam, reply'd I, I could ſoon convince you of your Error, if you would give me leave to ſearch in a certain Corner you have about you that ſhall be Nameleſs. At which ſhe Bluſh'd, and told me I was mightily Miſtaken: But allow it ſo, ſince 'twas Ignorantly committed, and without any premeditated deſign, ſhe hop'd I would be ſo generous as to Forgive her. Never Madam, ſaid I, unleſs you vouchſafe to caſt an Eye of Pity, and Commiſerate the Condition of your Languiſhing Lover, on whom the God of Love, if there be any ſuch a Deity, hath Empty'd his whole Artillery, and pierc'd my Heart with your all-Conquering Eyes: *O Fye, Sir*, anſwer'd ſhe, *this is meer Railery, and only for your Diverſion, a thing Cuſtomary with you General Lovers, in whom every New Face Creates a new Flame; of the Libertines Opinion, that a Woman, after ſhe is once enjoy'd, grows Dull and Inſipid; and what you have now ſo ſolemnly pretended to me, is no more then you have already done to half our Sex, if poſſible; and ſuch I take it.*

By my Soul I thought ſhe was a Witch by her gueſſing ſo right, and was agoing to tell her ſo, for every Syllable ſhe utter'd was as true as an Oracle. But finding by her Parlying I had made a Breach, I reſolv'd to Storm the Caſtle. If you Harbour any ſuch thought of me, Madam, anſwer'd I, by Heaven you do me wrong; for ſo pure is my Flame, and ſo Aſſiduous my Paſſion, without you give me ſpeedy

hopes, I ſhall fall a Sacrifice to your diſdain, and *Phœnix*-like, expire in my own Flames. *'Tis but Breathing a Vein Sir*, anſwer'd ſhe, *and your Feaver will ſoon abate.* Oh Madam, cry'd I, how can you be ſo Cruel? You gave the Wound, but Adminiſter a contrary Cure. Wrack me no longer thus with Doubts and Fears, either retalliate me in the ſame Nature, or pronounce my Doom; for on your Lips my Fate depends. *Indeed Sir*, anſwer'd ſhe, *that requires more Conſideration than the time will admit of now: Yet take this for your Satisfaction, if your Character and Quality anſwers your Appearance, and your Paſſion be real, you need not diſpond of the Entertainment of that Trifle you are pleaſed to Charge me withal, but it ſhall find a Reception Suitable to its merits.* At which ſhe Sigh'd, and ſaid our Company waited for us, but in the Evening would take an Opportunity to diſcourſe further of it. Now Madam, you have raiſed my drooping Spirits to an Extacy of joy, anſwered I, Pardon my Preſumption, and Abrupt proceeding I beſeech you, in taking this opportunity to reveal my Paſſion, and impute it to nothing but Love, Almighty Love, for what will not a ſinking Wretch catch hold on to ſave his Miſerable Life?

At which we ſeparated, and joyn'd our Company, who were preparing for an Antidote againſt Faſting, which we had ſcarcely compleated, but were call'd on to Board our Leathern-Conveniency, and were pen'd up like the Beaſts in the Ark; but I took care to have my Miſtreſs my Oppoſite; and being ſettled, *Whip* proceeded on his Journey, and having a plentiful Mornings Draught, Tickled his Cattel, drove like *Jehu*, and ſoon convey'd us to the Sign of *Englands Champion* at *Cole-brook*, an Inn famous for an Hoſteſs, and Extravagant Bills for ſhort Commons.

Having refreſh'd our ſelves with a good Breakfaſt, we re-enter'd our Coop, and was but very indifferent Company, for our *Maſculine* Traveller, the Married Lady, and Mrs. *Betty* the Chamber-Maid, had a Long Game at Noddy: However it preſented me with ſeveral Opportunities of Saluting my Widdow, and Exerciſe abundance of Palm Letchery; but being come to *Reading*, we Din'd at the *Canonical-Nabb*, where our Landlord was as Remarkable for his Bulk, as our late Hoſteſs for her Tail; formerly he was a profeſt Baptiſt, but being choſen one of the Head Loobies of the Corporation, he renounc'd his Religion, Embrac'd the Faith, and was Chriſtned *Lumpus*; his Corps is of the ſize of a *Rhinoceros*, Meaſures full three Yards in the Waſte, and his Legs bigger about than the Piers of the Town Bridge, the Doctor of the Pariſh hath excommunicated him from the Church; becauſe his Snoaring not only drowns his Voice, but diſturbs the whole Congregation. Being depriv'd of the Church, he then took to the Fleſh, and is reported to have overlaid three of his Servants. Having now ſtock'd our ſelves with Subſtantial Belly-Timber, and Liquor'd our Whiſtles, we purſued our Journey, and were more Sociable; the Ladies oblig'd us with ſeveral Songs, which they perform'd with an Excellent Voice, and good Judgment: But my Thoughts was chiefly Ruminating on the Fair Object before me, and how to manage my Amour at Night, every freſh Glance diſcovered concealed Beauties, nor was ſhe unſenſible of my Anguiſh, for her repeated Sighs betray'd her yielding Heart.

Oh what Cœleſtial Motion had her Eyes!
Her Panting Breaſts, how they did fall and riſe!
Conſpiring both to fall my Sacrifice.

And our Merchant took Notice of her Sighs, and asked her the Reaſon, ſhe told him 'twas only a Fooliſh Cuſtome; but I believe had he ask'd me, I could have given him a better Account. But come, Fellow-Travellers, ſaid he, will you pleaſe to take a Dram of Right Nants? A good Cordial on the Road, and will digeſt our Dinner, I proteſt I forgot it in the Morning: So we accepted of his kindneſs, and drain'd his Bottle: but promiſed to recruit it the firſt opportunity; and to paſs the time away, we engag'd Mrs. *Pert* to ſing a Song, and our Merchant and I promis'd to tell a Story: She pleaded ſhe could not Sing, but would oblige us in relating a very ſtrange Accident lately diſcover'd; which was as followeth.

About fifteen Year ſince, There was a Noted Tradeſman near *Aldgate*, had two Children, a Son and Daughter, the Son was Aged about fifteen Years, and the Daughter twelve

twelve, he had a desire to put his Son Prentice to some good Trade in the City, and gave him his choice, but he was very much Averse to it, his Inclinations being altogether for the Sea, and nothing would serve him but a *Tarpaulin* Master. At last his Father with much Regret Consented to it, and put him to a Master of a Ship that was bound for a Trading Voyage up the *Streights*: At which the Young Man was Extraordinary Glad, took Leave of his Friends, and went Aboard with great Joy, but before three Months was Expir'd, News arriv'd that they were taken by the *Algerines*, from whom at that time there was no Redemption: The News of which, and a Considerable Loss the Old Man had lately Sustain'd by Fire, not only Reduc'd his Condition to a mean Subsistance, but broke his Heart, nor did his Wife long Survive him; and with the remains of their decay'd Fortune, the Poor *Orphan* was put to a Sempstris, but before her time was Expir'd, one of *Exeter* fell in Love with her, Marryed her, and took her with him to *Exon*, unknown to her Friends or Acquaintance; in a few Years after he left her a Widow, no Children, and but little to Trust to; which to improve, she set up her Trade, and Maintain'd her self very Handsomely, Living in good Credit; but her Unhappy Brother, who had the Misfortune to be a Slave, was bought by one that Liv'd several Leagues up in the Country, never having any Opportunity of sending to *England*, his Friends dispair'd of ever seeing him again, and gave him over for Lost. But see how Providence Order'd it, his Master Dyed, and by reason he had been a good Servant, not only Bequeath'd him his Liberty, but also a great Sum of Money to Maintain him; and his Mistress who had often given him several Evident Testimonies of her Affections, wou'd have Married him, provided he would Renounce his Religion, and Embrace the *Mahometan*, which he deny'd to do; but her Love was so Violent, or rather Lust so Raging, that it o'ver flow'd the Bounds of Modesty, and by the Allurements of her Gold, intic'd him to satisfie her Exorbitant Desires, by which means he had gotten a very Considerable Estate. But the Natural Inclination for his own Native Country, and great Desire to see his Friends, out-ballanc'd the Embraces of his Mistress, whose Gold was more prevailing than her Charms, and came the first Opportunity for *England*, and in a short time Arriv'd at *Plymouth*, the next day reach'd *Exon*; and having present occasion for some Linnen, he Accidentally goes into his Unknown Sisters Shop and furnish'd himself, then posts for *London*; where to his great Grief he found as I have already Related, and by no means could get any Information of his Sister, his long Absence not only bereav'd him of his Friends, but also of all his former Acquaintance; that he was become an *Alien* in the Place of his Nativity. The Deprivation of which, was an extraordinary Trouble to him, and the only way to Redress it, he thought would be to Alter his Condition; he Coveted not Riches, but Content, to Compensate for his hard Fate. But, Oh, how often are we Deceiv'd in our Expectations, and our hopes Frustrated by an All-Seeing Power? His Fancy presented none so Charming to his Eyes as the *Exeter* Widdow: Nay, so great was his Passion, that immediately he goes down, Courts her, and in a short time Married her, brings her up to *London*, takes a House, and Liv'd very Happily together, had two Children by her; and no Discourse as yet of their Parents happened between them. But see how Fate Ordain'd it! Not long since, as he was Walking by *Fleet-Ditch*, he Espies his Fathers Picture Expos'd to Sale among Old Goods; which presently he Bought, and made a very strict Enquiry where they had it, thinking thereby to trace his Sister, but 'twas so long since they bought it, that they could give him no Account; however he Imputed it to be a very Lucky Accident, had it brought home with him, and with abundance of Joy shows it his Wife. Telling her, 'twas the Picture of his Father, and how Accidentally he came by it: At which, she was mightily surpris'd, and told him, *If that was the Picture of his Father, (which Heaven forbid) she was his own Natural Sister*: He Astonish'd at this dreadful News, ask'd her a few more questions, she Resolving of which, Confirm'd the Discovery, and hath Involv'd them into a great deal of Trouble and Consternation of Mind; for the Easement of which they have had the Opinion of several Learned Divines; who Advise them to joyn no more in their incestuous Bed, but Live after the Natural Bonds of Affinity, and since 'twas Ignorantly Committed, it mitigated the Crime, and they were more to be

Pittyed,

Pittyed, and none could be ſo Barbarous, as to reflect on their Unhappy Off-Spring. But 'tis to be Fear'd, it will prove Fatal to them both, for they Labour under an Agony of Mind, that nothing but Death or Diſtraction is Expected.

Her Story being Ended, the Ladies Confirm'd it, and declar'd they knew the Parties; and it had not been Diſcover'd above two or three Years; but while we were Commiſerating their hard Fate, we came to a Vilage call'd *Theal*, and Stopt at Old *Mother Cleanly*'s, at the Sign of the *Divine Clamour*; as Noted a Houſe for Bottle-Ale and Plumb-Cakes, as the Folly on the River of *Thames*, for Bad Wine, and Lewd Whores: Nay, *Slaſh* declar'd he dares no more paſs by without calling, than the Forked Animals miſs *Cuckold's-Point*, in their Journey to *Horn-Fair*: But having participated, and given our Approbation on her Commodity, we Travel'd on, and our *Briſtol* Merchant told us, he preſum'd, we were a going to the *BATH* for Diverſion; but his Journey to *London* was ſuch a Novelty, that 'twas ſcarce to be Parallel'd, and Notwithſtanding it had occaſion'd him a great deal of Trouble, it might Divert us; with that we deſir'd him to Relate it, which he preſently did, after this manner:

The Place of my Habitation you already know, of which I have been a Merchant almoſt this thirty year, am a Widower and have ſeveral Children, but my Eldeſt Son being very Deſirous to Live at *London*, I put him to an Eminent Draper in *C*--, but before he had Serv'd half his Time, he kept ſuch high Company, and was Acquainted with ſo many Rakes of the Town, that his Maſter was as weary of him, as he of his Maſter; ſo I was oblig'd to take him Home, and Deſign'd to bring him up a Merchant, but the Infection he receiv'd at *London*, made too great an Impreſſion to be Diſcharg'd by my Documents, which often occaſion'd no ſmall difference between us; about a Month ſince, having ſome very Urgent Buſineſs in *Wales*, which requir'd my Abſence for at leaſt twelve or fourteen Days, I left my Daughter to mannage my Domeſtick, and he my other Affairs, and took my Journey; but that Night I left him, he ſends Word to all my Correſpondents at *London*, that I was Dead, (as I underſtand ſince) and that he ſhould be with them in a ſhort time, for his Father having left him a Plentiful Eſtate, he deſign'd to leave off Merchandizing. This News Startl'd my Acquaintance, and they ſent him ſeveral Letters of Condollence; and my Death paſt as Currant on the *Exchange*, as if it had been ſworn by twenty *Iriſh* Witneſſes. My Daughter who kept my Caſh, ſent him a Letter of Advice, of the Payment of ſome Bills, I had lately drawn on him, which he receiv'd and anſwer'd; he alſo intercepted the Letters I ſent his Siſter, and about ſix days before I came Home, takes fifty Pound of my Houſe Caſh and poſts for *London*, and before he Appeared Publick, Cloths himſelf in deep Mourning, Viſits my Correſpondents, tells them he came to Adminiſter to his Fathers Will, and Ballance Accounts, and takes up of my Goldſmith 1300 *l.* who pay'd it him all in Gold, as he requeſted; having Accompliſh'd his Ends, Caſt off his Mourning, New Rigg'd, and now I hear is gone for *Rome*, to aſſiſt at the *Jubilee*; but when I came home, miſſing of him and my Money, I preſently Conjectur'd he was gone for *London*, and was afraid he would take up more, therefore made all the ſpeed I could after him, to prevent it, but he was too Nimble for me; my Acquaintance was all poſſeſt with a Pannick Fear, and ſo ſurpriz'd, that they took me for a Spirit, and wou'd hardly believe their own Eyes, but I ſoon Convinc'd them of their Miſtake, and they me of my Sons Proceedings.

And this is Generally the Product of ſending our Children to *London*: Well, had I forty, I'd never ſend any of them to *London* again: Now he is gone Loaded with Gold to *Rome*; Perhaps, about a Year or two hence, I ſhall have him return, as *Light* as a *Common Strumpet*, as *Shabby* as a *Broken Officer*, and as *Foppiſh* as a *City Beau*; but I will never Look on him again. Make no Raſh Vow, however, Sir, ſaid I, leaſt you Repent it; (for Nature will prevail) he may Return a very Accompliſh'd Gentleman, for Travelling conduces much to Education. *Yes*, anſwer'd he, *As going to the Dancing-School, does Young Wenches, who if they have but a little Money are preſently Catch'd up by ſome Hopping Coxcomb or another, that hath nothing to Truſt to, but a Pair of Rotting Shanks, which are ſcarce able to ſupport his Wavering Carcaſe. I find Sir*, reply'd one of the Ladys, *You have a great Averſion to* London *Education, and the very*

Thoughts

Thoughts of it gives you the Spleen? Pray, what is the BATH *for a Nursery? For during the Season, that is a Place of great Resort. Why*, answer'd he, *That's out of the* Frying-Pan *into the* Fire, *and as Eminent for* Wickedness *as* London, *'Bating* its Magnitude. *With that, I told him, I perceiv'd he Harbour'd no better Opinion of the Tuition of his own Country, than of our* Metropolian Seminary; *and my Story would but Augment his Disgust.*

Now being got to the end of our Stage for that Day, we referr'd mine for the next, and *Newbury* was as wellcome to us, as *Michalemas* Term to the Bauling *Quill-drivers*, after the *Long Vacation*: Our Quarters was at the *King of Beasts*, and after we had Saluted our Ladies, and bid them Wellcome to *Newbury*, we View'd our Chambers, gave Order for our Supper, and Refresh'd our selves with a Glass of good *Burgundy*; and having some spare time, our Merchant went to Visit a Friend in Town, and I gave the Ladies an Invitation to take a Walk, which my Mistress was willing to, but her Sister, being something indispos'd after her Journey, desir'd to be excus'd; and as Good-Luck would have it, the Maid was oblig'd to stay with her: So my Charming Widow, after she had dismantled herself of her Riding Accouterments, and I Augmented the weight of my Bush, by almost half a Pound of Powder, was ready to March; our Landlord understanding we were dispos'd for a Walk, Convey'd us out at his Back-gate, where we found a most delicate *Grotto* of Nature's, not Art's Composing, half inviron'd with a Murm'ring Brook whose purling streams Created a most Melodious Harmony, and the whole Composure seem'd a Second *Paradise.*

Having walk'd a turn or two, I thought it convenient to put my Widow in mind of her Promise. Pardon my Presumption, Madam, said I, in taking the boldness, to put you in mind of this Mornings Conclusion, for no fitter opportunity than now can present it self; here we are retir'd, and the place seems to be dedicated for the same purpose. *Sir*, answer'd she, *how can I be assur'd your Passion is real, since your Acquaintance is so slender, in which if I should be deceiv'd, how shall I be Ridicul'd by the Censorious World?* I presume not, Madam, reply'd I, to lay any Claim of meriting your Esteem, as to the Quality of my Person; nor yet am I so despiseable in my Descent or Fortune, to incur your disdain. But Love, Almighty Love, who knows no Bounds or Equals, is my Plea; and notwithstanding my Love is of so late a Date, it is as pure as Vestals Flames, and firm as Fate, and all my pretensions Honourable. *If so, Sir*, said she, *I do Agnize your Passion, and return you mine; for Blushing I must own it, when first I saw your Face, an unusual Flame seiz'd my Heart and kindled in my Breast Unknown Desires.* At this Confession I flung my circling Arms about her Lovely Wast, and almost stiffled her with Kisses. What then remains, cry'd I, my Life, my Soul, but to Quench our Desires, and delay our Bliss no longer? At which she started back, and told me she thought, or she was much Mistaken, before she reveal'd her Passion, I declar'd I design'd nothing but what was Honourable; if so, what means this unruly Proceeding? Onely the extream Ardour of my Flame, my Dear, answer'd I; for who can behold the Tempting Tree, and forbear to pluck its luscious Fruit? *Not till the Priest hath made it Lawful, Sir*, said she, *for Fear*,—— *Oh, for Fear.*——By Heaven, and all that's Sacred, Madam, cry'd I, those Fears are Needless; for sooner shall the Silver Morn forget to dawn, the Glorious Sun to steer its course, than I prove false to you. What then should hinder us now, from Satisfying our Craving Appetites, before the Sluggish Priest hath Crav'd a Blessing. At which, she sunk into my Arms, and by her Dying Eyes gave her Consent; then calling to mind the Alacrity to be us'd in Courting a Widdow, and that now might be the Crittical Minute, I lay'd her down on Nature's Carpet, and made bold with Mother Earth for a Boulster; and notwithstanding all her faint Resistance, rifled her joys, roving through all the hidden Labyrinth of Love, and by our Mutual Embraces Quench'd our fierce Desires, then Coo'd and Bill'd like a pair of Amorous Doves, swearing Eternal Constancy afresh, and to tye the Gordian knot the first opportunity.

But in our Discourse I took an occasion to make a Scrutiny into her Affairs, that I might understand what Bargain I was like to have, if I perform'd my Promise. She told me she had been a Widow near two years, had no Child, was worth 3000*l.* and liv'd with her Sister, who was Married to a Gentleman near *Hackney*; and living so far off, was the reason they lay at the Inn last Night. This News methought

Augmented her Charms, and having enjoy'd the Shadow, I hop'd in a ſhort time to reap the Golden Subſtance. Having out-ſtaid our time, a Meſſenger came to Deſire us to make haſte, for our Company and Supper waited for us: But when we came, and had given them an Account of our pleaſant walk, and Deſcription of the Delightful Grove, (but not a word of the Paradiſe of Love) they ſeem'd to be ſorry they did not go along with us (that neither of us was, I am certain.) Having Supt, they brought us a Bill, which was as reaſonable as a Reckoning at a *Hoſier-lane* Bawdy-Houſe during *Bartholomew-Fair*; for a Brace of Midling Trouts, they charg'd us but a Leaſe of Crowns, Six Shillings for a Shoulder of *Mutton* and a Plate of *Gerkins*, three and Sixpence for Six *Rowles*, and three Nipperkins of *Belch*; and two Shillings more for *Whip* in Drinking our Healths. Their Wine indeed was good, ſo was their price; and in a Bill of two pound four Shillings, they made a Miſtake but of Nine; I ask'd what Countrey-man my Landlord was? anſwer was made, Full *North*; and Faith 'twas very Evident, for he had put the *Yorkſhire* moſt Damnably upon us. But being to riſe very Early, we went to Bed ſoon after we had Supt; and was called by Break of Day, my Widow preſented us with a Pot of *Chocolat* of her own Preparing; and filling my Diſhes fuller than ordinary, I Conjectur'd 'twas for my good Performances, daſht with a little ſelf-intereſt; after which we recruited our Bottle, and renew'd our Journey; but I marked his Gate with a Croſs as red as the Sign. And before we had Travel'd a Mile, the Ladies laid claim to my promiſe to relate my Story, which I was oblig'd to perform, and was thus.

There was a very Eminent Shopkeeper in *Weſtminſter*, had the misfortune to have a very Extravagant Son, who by his Continual Profuſeneſs, Conſum'd him a great many Baggs of a certain Commodity much better then *Cherry-Stones*; he was not only very Indulgent to him, but Maintain'd his Family; he being of a Roving Mind, could not Confine himſelf to Buſineſs, but went from his Father and Family, chang'd his Name, and *Rak'd* about the Town; but by Accident got Acquainted with two Young Women, who kept Shop on the *Royal-Exchange*; the youngeſt of them he Courted for a Wife, and in a ſhort time Married her, made an Extraordinary Figure, and as Mighty Pretences; but he had not Enjoy'd her long before 'twas Diſcover'd, and he Oblig'd to Live with his Firſt, who was no ways deſerving of ſuch an Unkind Action; but rather Worthier of a better Husband; and being ask'd the Reaſon, why he would offer to Commit *Poligamy*? He anſwer'd, *Though Plurality of* Cæſars *was not Safe for a* State, *Plurality of* Wives *could be no* Crime.

But the Poor Young Woman was very much Diſappointed; all her hopes Blaſted, and her Promiſing Imaginations prov'd Vain Chimera's. For he in a little time after abandon'd both, and took a Trip to *Jamaica*, where in three Months he Married a Rich Widow, worth at leaſt 7000 *l. Sterling*, and before three years was Compleated, ſhe made her *Exit*; which he eſteem'd to be the Happyeſt Day in all his Life, the reſult of all his hopes, and the only mark he aim'd at. Now being Maſter of a Plentiful Eſtate, he ſoon Converted it into the Commodity of the Country, and Sail'd for *England*, with a Joyful Heart, and Proſperous Gale; and upon his Arrival at *London*, found himſelf a double Widower, and his *Exchange* Wife Married to a *Dutchman*, who was ſo Enamour'd with her Fiz, that notwithſtanding he had heard of her Miſ-fortune, he ty'd the Nooze, and became *One Fleſh*, though of two very different Conſtitutions. She was Young and Airy, and Married him more for the ſake of his Money than Perſon; he Old and Impotent, and as Jealous as a *Spaniard*, by which her Condition was much worſe than before; for on the leaſt Diſtaſte, he would be Reflecting on her former Husband, who had not ſeen her ſince the Diſcovery, nor ſhe him, but heard of his Succeſs, though not by what means he had attain'd it; and was extream Sorry ſhe had Contracted the laſt Marriage; but he having a deſire to ſee her, tho' not to take her again as a Wife, and thinking Time, Abſence, and the Alteration of his Attire, and Hair, (for when he Liv'd with her, he wore his own, but now a Full Wigg) was Diſguiſe ſufficient to Conceal him from her Knowledge, goes to the Shop, and ſhe Congratulated him, with the uſual Complement, of *What do you want, Sir?* Two very neceſſary things, Madam, ſaid he, Clean Gloves and a Pritty Wife; and I Preſume you may ſupply me. *Of the Firſt, Sir*, anſwer'd his Wife,

We

We have Choice; but the last is a very scarce Commodity, and very difficult to be had. I was in hopes, Madam, reply'd he, you could have furnish'd me with both; but more especially the last. But she and her Partner both knew him, contrary to his Expectations: *Sir*, said her Partner, *I am perswaded you have no occasion for a* Clogg; *for so a Wife is generally Term'd.* But such a Pretty Lady as this is, would be counted rather a Blessing, Madam, answer'd he. *You wrong your Judgement very much, Sir*, reply'd his Wife, *For Nature hath not been so Liberal to me in her Indowments, as you are pleas'd to Flatter me with all. Besides I am a Wife already; and here the dull Animal comes.* As he approach'd the Shop, the other spoke to him after this manner: I have been Courting this Lady for a Wife, Sir, but I find you are so happy as to be before hand with me. *That's more than he knows, Sir*, said she Smiling. By which he perceiv'd they knew him; but her last Husband being Ignorant who he was, took it as a great Affront, and in a mighty Passion abus'd her in a very high degree; and Upbraided her with her first Husband; which so grated his Spirits, that it reviv'd the glowing Embers of his Love, and the Conceal'd Sparks broke out into a violent Flame. Thou Mercenary Villain, said he, to Upbraid thy Wife with what her Innocence was impos'd on; and as I am the Man that was the Aggressor, I'll do her that Justice to make you ask her Pardon, here Publickly on your Knees: Or by *Heaven*, this Moment is your last. At which he drew his Sword, and the Glittering Steel so scar'd poor *Hogan*, that he presently fell on his Marrowbones, Crav'd her Pardon, and was Glad he came off so. Now, Madam, said he, to his Wife, had not you been so dis-honourable to me, on the Discovery of my Contract with you, I would have freed you from the Embraces of this Insip'd Coxcomb; but since you was so Unkind, I can only Condole your second Mis-fortune, who was so Ungrateful to me in your first; then departed, and left poor *Butter-Box*, to be ridicul'd by the whole Society of *Thimberkins*. A Friend of mine was an Eye Witness of this, and knew both the Husband and Wife. *Without doubt*, said the Gentleman, *This Spark was one of* Solomons *Race, and* Londons *Master-Piece.* Oh, Sir, 'tis Reported he is very much Reform'd to what he was; and Lives very Sober and Sedate. *Then it ought to be Chronicl'd for a Miracle*, said he.

But being come to the Rocky Decent into *Marlborough*, we were so Damnably jolted, that our Merchants Pocket Comfort Vanish'd, and the Brittle Mettal was shatter'd into a thousand pieces; for the loss of which, I intail'd such a Hearty Curse on the Place, that never since hath a Coach past, but it Over-turn'd, a Waggon or Cart, but it breaks either Wheel or Axeltree, a Horse, but he Stumbles; and all the Beasts that Graze near it, Die of the *Murraine*: At last with the help of a couple of Gigantick Loobies, to support our Tottering Caravan, we got into the Town, and tipt them a *Hogg* for our safe Conduct.

Being come to *Marlborough*, we broke our fast at the *Royal-Diadem*, and had Mr. *Mayor* for our Landlord, a good jolly *Bachanalian*, who hath bestow'd more in adorning his Fiz, than the Market-house cost Building; and being a Magistrate, I made a heavy Complaint against that Curs'd Hill, demanded satisfaction for the Dammage we had sustain'd, in breaking our Brandy Bottle, and told him, unless they took speedy Care to have it mended, I would Indite the whole Corporation. *That we cannot do by no means, Sir*, said he, *For in so doing we should Ruine half the Town; for the Dammage that Hill occasions, brings a Considerable Trade to our* Wheel-wrights, Farriers, *and* Chyrurgions; *also Creates no small Business to those of my own Function, and Maintains three or four Families to support the Coaches, and Assisting at other Accidents: But however, I'll present you with a fresh Cargo, and Advise you to take more Care for the future:* Before we had Breakfasted, he was as good as his Word; but to retalliate his Kindness, we call'd for two or three Flasks Extraordinary.

Having lay'd a good Foundation to Travel on, we quitted *Marlborough*, and soon came on a curious Down, much Noted for its Flocks of *Grey Weathers*, which often gave us Confounded Jolts, and put us in Mind of our Landlords Caution, concerning our Bottle. But before we had Rod five Mile, we receiv'd Information of a Party of *Light-Horse* that lay Perdue to Ease us of our *Rino*. This News made us look very queer, and my Company to sink the *Cole* with abundance of Agility. My Mistress was in a Peck of Troubles, for the security of her Ponderous Purse; and

I thought by the motion of her Petty coats, she was a going to put it where my Lady —— did her Watch: Our Merchant shuffled Loose *Yellow-Boys* by dozens, into the Linning of his Coat, and I Trusted to Providence: But at last to our great Satisfaction it prov'd to be a false Alarm, and by the help of our *Nanterian* Cordial, we Recover'd our straggling Senses: The Discourse of which lasted us, till we got to *Sandy-Lane*, where the Road was so Damnable heavy, that two mile in three hours was an Extraordinary Journey, and the Corporation Trot to St. *Pauls* on *Sunday*, was a Fool to it: But at last we Arriv'd at the Sign of *Chevalier Bruine*, where we was to Dine.

Here we had such an *Amsterdam* W—— for our Landlady, that the like was never heard of. She hath Buried five Husbands, never had but one Son, and he was Hang'd; thirteen Daughters, and a Dozen of them was of their Mothers Stamp, and the other Dy'd an Infant; the Old one was a Widdow, her Daughters Maid, yet between them had more Children, then *Rosemary-Lane* affords on a *Sunday*; and most of their *Sires* was *Souldiers* or *Cattle-Firkers*. There was more Coaches and Waggons, drawn up before her Gate, then Hacks in *Palace-Yard*, during the *Sessions of Parliament*, or *Term-Time*. All her Entertainment is Loins of *Mutton*, or *Rabbets*; and she makes more Broth in a day, then all the *Chop-Houses* in *Castle-Alley* in a Week. At last, with much ado, we got two of the aforesaid Dishes for Dinner, and a Nasty Jade to Attend us; who, as we understood afterwards, was one of her Daughters; but by her Looks, one would Conjecture the Devil was her Father; yet she was Recommended to us, for the flower of them all: But in my Judgement the Old one is more Inviting then any of her Off-spring. The best Accomodation we had there was the Juice of Pippins, which we Drank very Plentifully, but by its Urinical motion, hindred *Whip* one Mile in four; and the Ladies Emissary, Mistress *Pert*, once was so hard put to it, that we thought by her Sower Looks, and the Ringing of her Knees, she had the *Dry-Gripes*; but at last a Natural Evacuation gave her Ease, and Created us a great deal of Laughter. Our Bill was compos'd in a few Words; and was very Moderate, considering what Extravagant Prices, we often give for *Mutton* and *Conny* in some Places.

Having Din'd, we proceeded on our Journey, but with a great deal of difficulty; for the Road was so Rocky, Unlevel, and Narrow in some places, that I am perswaded the *Alps* are to be passed with less danger, in the Performance of which our sirking *Essedarian* was oblig'd to use abundance of Horse-Courting-Rhetorick to his Tired *Ambulators*; and when that prevailed not, to Exercise his Tickler; but we were jolted so Cursedly, that I thought it would have made a dislocation of my Bones; we all complained, but could find no Remedy; nor would I advise any who have been Sufferers in *Venus* sports, to Adventure the Fatigue of a Coach to the *Bath*, least it dis-joint a Member or two. At last when our Patience was almost worn out, we agreed to light rather than endure it any longer; but our Chariotier inform'd us, we were almost at our Journeys-end, which we presently found to be true, and *Bath* was as Welcome to us, as a good Dinner to a *Covent-Garden* Tooth-picker.

Being come to the *White-Hart*, our long wish'd-for Port, we refreshed our selves with much Joy, after our tedious Mortifying-Journey: And there our Merchant took his Leave of us, in a fresh Coach for *Bristol*: Then Enquiring for a Lodging, we were recommended to a *Tonsers*, whose Wife kept a *Milliners-Shop* in the same House, where was Accommodation for us all, tho' he had several other Lodgers in the House of good Quality. That Night my Widow and I had an opportunity to enjoy our selves to our mutual Satisfaction, without any suspicion, and agreed to be made one Flesh, the first opportunity that offer'd. In the Morning we were saluted by the whole Fraternity of *Cat-Gut-Scrapers*, and cou'd not get rid of them without the Assistance of an Angel. My Mistress and her Sister would not appear publick, till their Baggage Arriv'd from *London*, which they did not expect in three or four days, so I had the Liberty to stroul alone.

After I had Accouter'd my self to the best Advantage, (in which I made no small Figure) I went to the Coffee-House, where I found several of my Acquaintance, who seem'd to be Over-joy'd at my Appearance, Imbrac'd and Slabber'd me, as an Old Woman does her Grand Child; asking a thousand Impertinent Questions concerning *London*, and what Company came with me? If Ladies, or Gentlemen? Whether

ther any Quality was on the Road bound for the *Bath*? In which I ſatisfied them to the beſt of my knowledge; but after we had taken a diſh or two, of that inſippid Liquor, we Adjourn'd to Honeſt *C*—— at the *Three Tuns*, where we Enliven'd our Souls with a Glaſs of good *Burdeaux*, and ſparkling *Sherry*; and from thence we went to ſee the Diverſion of the *Baths*.

Of which, 'tis not my Deſign to give you an Account of their *Original*, and Eminent *Cures*; or a Deſcription of their *Structure*, and Noble *Founders*; for that's already perform'd, in moſt of our Chronicles; but ſhall only hint on the *Ways* and *Intrigues* that are manag'd there during the Seaſon.

The firſt we went to, is call'd the *Kings*; and to it joyns the *Queen's*, both running in one; and the moſt famous for Cures. In this *Bath* was at leaſt fifty of both Sexes, with a Score or two of Guides, who by their Scorbutick Carcaſſes, and Lacker'd Hides, you would think they had lain Pickling a Century of Years in the *Stygian Lake*: Some had thoſe Infernal Emiſſaries to ſupport their Impotent Limbs: Others to ſcrub their Putrify'd Carcaſſes like a Race-Horſe. In one Corner was an Old Fornicator hanging by the Rings, Loaded with Rotten Humidity; Hard by him was a Buxom Dame, Cleanſing her *Nunquam Satis* from *Mercurial* Dregs, and the remains of *Roman Vitriol*. Another, half cover'd with Sear-Cloth, had more Sores than *Lazarus*, doing Pennance for the Sins of her Youth: At her Elbow was a Young Hero, ſupported by a couple of Guides, rack'd with Aches and Intolerable Pains, Curſing of *Middleſex* Court, and *Beveridges* Dancing-School, as Heartily as *Job* the Day of his Birth. At the Pump was ſeveral a Drenching their Gullets, and Gormandizing the Reaking Liquor by wholeſale.

From thence we went to the *Croſs-Bath*, where moſt of the Quality reſorts, more Fam'd for *Pleaſure* then *Cures*, tho' they pretend it hath wrought Miracles on *Barren-Soil*, and wonderfully helps Conception. Not long ſince, a Gentleman of Quality was beholden to it for an Heir, as he reported; but his Lady is of a Contrary Opoinion; yet I know not what Operation ſuch Tempting Objects may have by cauſing Titilation, and heighten Imagination, to procure an Immediate Conjunction. Here is perform'd all the Wanton Dalliancies imaginable; Celebrated Beauties, Panting Breaſts, and Curious Shapes, almoſt Expos'd to Publick View; Languiſhing Eyes, Darting Killing Glances, Tempting Amorous Poſtures, attended by ſoft Muſick, enough to provoke a *Veſtal* to forbidden Pleaſure, Captivate a *Saint*, and Charm a *Jove*: Here was alſo different Sexes, from Quality to the Honourable *Knights*, Country *Put*, and City *Madam's*: Nay, the Circumciz'd *Jew*, could *Bathe* in Delight, *Swim* in Pleaſure with the *Gentile*, and out-vie a Courtier in Splendor, tho' they Crucifi'd his God; and Diſpence with *Chriſtians-Fleſh*, tho' not with *Swines*. The Ladies with their floating *Jappan*-Bowles, freighted with Confectionary Kick-knacks, Eſſences, and Perfumes, Wade about, like *Neptun's* Courtiers, ſuppling their Induſtrious Joynts. The Vigorous Sparks, preſenting them with ſeveral Antick Poſtures, as Sailing on their Backs, then Embracing the Element, ſink in a Rapture, and by Accidental Deſign, thruſt a ſtretch'd Arm; but where the Water Conceal'd, ſo ought my Pen.

The Spectators in the Galleries, pleaſing their Roving Fancies with this Ladies Face, Anothers Eyes, a thirds heaving Breaſts, and Profound Air. In one Corner ſtood an old Letcher, whoſe years ſpoke him no leſs then threeſcore and ten, making Love to a young Lady, not exceeding fourteen. The uſual time being come to forſake that fickle Element, *Half-Tub Chairs*, Lin'd with Blankets, Ply'd as thick, as *Coaches* at the *Play-Houſe*, or *Carts* at the *Cuſtom-Houſe*.

Bathing being over for that Day, we went to walk in the Grove, a very pleaſant Place for Diverſion; there is the *Royal-Oak* and ſeveral Raffling Shops: In one of the Walks, is ſeveral Sets of Nine-Pins, and Attendance to wait on you: Tipping all Nine for a Guinea, is as common there, as two Farthings for a *Porrenger* of *Barley-Broth*, at the *Hoſpital-gate* in *Smithfield*. On ſeveral of the Trees was hung a Lampoon on the Marriage of one Mr. *S*—— a Drugmonger, and the famous Madam *S*—— an old *B*—— of *London*.

Having almoſt tir'd our ſelves with walking, we took to a Bench to eaſe our weary Pedeſtals. Now, ſaid my Friend, I'll give you an impartial Account of the Perfections, Qualities and Functions, of a few particular Perſons that are are among

this Amphibious Crow'd. For Notwithstanding I have been here not above a Fortnight, I am as well acquainted with the Town and its Intrigues, as old Justice *P*—— with *More-fields* and *Drury-lane* Bawdy-houses.

Those two Ladies with the Gentleman in Blew, are Sisters, live near the Church that is Dedicated to a Saint who expir'd on a Gridiron, they are Amorous Dames; the Gentleman is a Broken Officer, and lives better on their Allowances, than he could on his Pay. This Gentlewoman in the White-Damask Gown, is a Sea-Captains Lady; who, while her Corniferous Mate is Plowing the Ocean, takes Care to manure his *Pasture*, that he may have a Fruitful Crop this Harvest. That Foppish *Beau* in Scarlet Stockins, whose Hilt of his Sword bears a bob with his Calves, and his Jubilee Hatband, lies stitch'd cross the Crown, was a Pettycoat-Pensioner to Madam *C*—— near *Bucklersbury*; but being lately Discarded, is come down here for promotion. That young Lady with the Gold Orice Pettycoat, was a great Fortune, and not long since was married to a Flannel Wastecoat, and a double Night-cap of the same Stuff; But now by reason of her Husbands Imbecility, is forc'd to have recourse to the *Bath*. That tall Gentleman attended by three Liveries, is something of Quality, a right Courtier, for he abhors the Citizens Wives as much as the Sword Bearer does *Custard*. That *Broad-piece* Doctor, in the diminutive Band, makes a purchase every year by the Wickedness of the Age; and Vindicates *W*——*ing* more than ever *G. K*—— Writ against the Quakers. That Pert young Gentlewoman with the two Silver Fringes, was compell'd by her Friends to Marry a Slovenly *Stockjobber*, and now is surfeited with his Embraces; and came to the *Bath* to mend his Breed. That Crafty Priest, that Son of *Levi*, is as fickle as a Weather-Cock, and would sooner discard a good Conscience, then a fat Benefice. This Tun of Iniquity, in the Crimson Gown with *Monsieur* at her Elbow, two *Devils* behind her, *Ætna* in her Face, all the Water in the *Severn* is not able to Quench her desires; she is a second *Masselina*, will tire, but ne'er be satisfied; she hath already quarter'd a Troop of *French* Dragoons, a Regiment of *Dutchmen*, and now is come to Exercise a Battalion of *Brittains*. That Powder'd *Lobster* in the Edg'd Hat, is the Spawn of a *Broker*; from thence Evapulated to a *Bully*, now shams an *Officer*, sets up for a *Stallion* of the first Rank, and pretends he receives several Favours from a Qualitificated Lady. That Spark with his Hat under his Arm, is a Limb of the Law, but hath Studied *Chamberlins* Midwifry, more than *Cook's* Reports. That *Dowdy Minx* in the Scarlet Topping, and Pinck'd Scarff, is the Relick of a broken *Grocer*; an Industrious Woman, for her Head's no sooner lay'd, but her Breech is at Work. In short, for *Fops*, *Beaus*, and *Bellsa's*, this Place exceeds *Greys-Inn-Walks* on a *Sunday* Evening; and consists of greater variety of Persons, Remarkable for some Vice or Folly, than there are Ingredients in a Lombard-Pye for a City Feast; to give you a particular Description of each of 'em, will require a Weeks time at least. Come therefore let's go to some Tipling Mansion, and Carrouse, till we have Exhilerated our Drouthy Souls: To which I readily agreed. About five in the Evening, we went to see a great *Match* at Bowling; there was *Quallity*, and Reverend *Doctors* of both professions, Topping *Merchants*, Broken *Bankers*, Noted *Mercers*, Inns-of-Court *Rakes*, City *Beaus*, Stray'd *Prentices*, and *Dancing-Masters* in abundance. *Fly, fly, fly, fly*; said one: *Rub, rub, rub, rub*, cry'd another, *Ten Guinies to five, I Uncover the* Jack, says a third. *Damn these Nice Fingers of mine*, cry'd my Lord, *I Slipt my Bowl, and mistook the Bias.* Another Swearing he knew the Ground to an Inch, and would hold five Pound his Bowl came in. But in short, the Citizens won the Courtiers Money, and the Courtiers Swore to be Reveng'd on their Wives, and Daughters.

From hence we went to the *Groom-Porters*, where they were a Labouring like so many *Anchor-Smiths*, at the *Oake*, *Back Gammon*, *Tick-Tack*, *Irish*, *Basset*, and throwing of *Mains*. There was Palming, Lodging, Loaded Dice, Levant, and Gammonning, with all the Speed imaginable; but the *Cornish* Rook was too hard for them all. The *Bristol Fair* Sparks had but a very bad bargain of it; and little occasion for Returns. *Bank-Bills*, and *Exchequer-Notes*, were as Plenty, as *Fops* at the *Chocolat-Houses*, or *Patternoster-Row*. Having satisfied our Curiosity here; we left them as busie a shaking their Elbows, as the *Apple-women* in *Stocks-Market*, Wallnuts in *October*.

And meeting with three or four more Acquaintance, we stroul'd to a *Bristol-Milk*

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Dary-House, and Enjoy'd our ſelves like brave *Bacchanalians*. At Night I ſtole into my Miſtreſſes Arms, as Vigorous, as Youth, Beauty, Wine and Love, could inſpire me; but ſhe Urging mightily for a ſpeedy Marriage, which I was not very backward to, we agreed to be Rivered the next Morning; ſhe undertaking to ingage the Maid to Aſſiſt her, and I, our Landlord, to procure a Miniſter; which accordingly was perform'd the next day, with a great deal of Secreſie, at the Expence of half a ſcore Guineas; and Spouſe deſir'd it might not be known while we continu'd in the Country, for ſome particular Reaſons. Now being joyn'd by the Prieſt, Madam *Bride*, and Mrs. *Pert*, managed it ſo, that we lay together without any Miſtruſt. *Let a Woman alone for a Contrivance, to obtain her Deſires.*

About ten in the Morning, I was ſent for by ſome Acquaintance, to the general Rendezvouz —— *Coffee-houſe*, where Fools, Cullies, Squires, Beaus, and Critticks, reſort as thick, as *Stock-Jobbers* about the Effigies on the *Royal-Exchange*; here Witticiſm was Abdicated, and Nonſence banded to and fro, like a Shuttle-Cock. The laſt Nights Intrigue Whiſper'd with abundance of Caution, and that Nights Ball was Prognoſticated would be very Noble, for 'twas given by a Lady of Quality, and after an hour or two of their inſipid Fuſtian and Block-headly Combate, we went to Raffle for a Preſent for our Miſtreſſes; and with the loſs of a Guinea, I brought off a curious Snuff-Box, worth four: But tho' I was Fortunes Favorite, ſhe Bilk'd a young Mercer of twenty *Jacobuſſes*, and at the *Oake* the ſame Night double the Number, and a Bay Gelding.

From thence we went to the *Hot-Bath*, and *Leppers-Bath*, but there was nothing worth our Obſervation, but a parcel of old Crutches, hung up in Memory of the Perſons, that receiv'd thoſe Miraculous Cures. The next place we adjourn'd to, was to *Horrid Toms*; where we had good Wine, and better Company; and being my Wedding-Day, I went home to Dine with my Bride, and in the Evening prevail'd with her to go to the Ball.

Which is always kept at the Town-Hall, a very ſpacious Room, and fitted up for that Purpoſe. During which, the Door is kept by a couple of Brawny Beadles, to keep out the Mobility, looking as fierce as the Uncouth Figures at *Guild-Hall*; there was Extraordinary Fine Dancing, (and how could it otherwiſe chuſe) for Spouſe and I had a Hand in it. A Conſort of Delicate Muſick, Vocal and Inſtrumental, perform'd by good Maſters: A Noble Collation of dry Sweat-Meats, Rich Wine, and Large Attendance. The Lady who was the *Donor*, wore an Extraordinary Rich Favour, to diſtinguiſh her from the reſt, which is always the Cuſtome; and before they break up, to chuſe another for the next Day, which fell upon a Shentleman of *Wales*; but hur no ways Derogated from hur Honour, or Diſparag'd hur Countrey in the leaſt, but hur was as Noble, and as Generous, as e'er an *Engliſh* Shentleman of them all: To hur Honour be it Spoke.

The next Day the Ladies Baggage Arriv'd from *London*; then they made as topping a Figure as any of them all; and the firſt Night after their Publick appearance, we were ſo troubled with ſome ſerenading Coxcombs, that the whole Family got up, and had not Mrs. *Betty*, been very vigilant, my new Adopted Fleſh and I, had been catch'd abed together; for which good Service, I rewarded her with a broad piece of her own Name. A *Sunday* we went to Church to the Abby, a very Ancient Cathedral piece of Antiquity, and kept as badly in repair; 'tis Crowded during Divine Service, as much as St. *Pauls*, in which time there is more Billet Deaux convey'd to the Ladies, than Notes to deſire the Prayers of the Congregation at *B*'s—— Meeting-Houſe: and as the Ingenious Doctor in his Diſcourſe, told the Audience, *He was afraid moſt of them came more out of Cuſtome and Formality, than in Devotion to the Sacred Deity, or a ſutable Reverence to the Place of Worſhip.* Which was very True I am Confident, and the Ladies were the only Saints ſeveral came there to Adore; as this Billet Deaux will confirm; it was convey'd in a Candid Orange to a Lady in one of the Galleries, which ſhe by Accident dropt, and I had the Fortune to find.

Madam,

Had Fortune that Fickle Goddeſs, but honour'd me with your Acquaintance, as ſhe has by ſeeing of your Perſon, I ſhould not have been ſo Preſumptious, as to have offer'd theſe

imperfect

imperfect Lines to your fair Hands; but since my Cruel Stars ordain'd me no such happiness, I was forc'd to make my Pen become my Orator, and Commit that to Writing, which ought rather to have been pay'd with Adoration. At 6 this Evening I shall be in the Meadows, pitty your Slave, and Grant me speedy Relief.

R.

In the Evening we took a Walk into the Meadows, much resorted to for pleasant Rivers, and delicate Walks; 'tis a second *Hide-Park* for Coaches, and a St. *James's* for *Beau's* and *Belle's* of all sorts; there was *Chaucer's* Sempstress, my Lord *R*—— Mantua-Makers dandled by Cringing Fops, Antick Beaus, and Blustering Bullies innumerable, *London-Jilts* with Tails like Countesses, and case-harden'd Impudence; bantering Young Squires, and Shopkeepers Prentices: Nay my Millenian Landlady, and her Sister, was there intriguing, and as well match'd as a pair of Nice Coach-Horses; much Admired, the one for an obliging Temper, the other for a Beauty; but ask honest *Punch* the *Poultry-Cook*, he'll tell you they Rival each other in their own proper Qualifications.

After an Hour or two's Walking, I Treated my Ladies with the best the Place afforded, and then returned Home: But the next Morning I receiv'd a Letter of Advice from *London*, of the Death of an Aunt, who had made me her Heir; which put me in mind of the Old Proverb, *It never Rains, but must Pour.* However this was no ill News to my Bride, nor me neither; only requiring my speedy appearance at *London*; but I promised Spouse and the rest of my Acquaintance to be with them again in a Fortnights time, and tho' an Heir, took Leave of them with as much Regret, as the *Dutch-Guards* of *Kensington*; and the next Morning took Post for *London*. Having now given you an Account of my successful Step, I'll make bold, and give you my Sentiments of the *BATH.*

A Character of the Bath.

'TIS neither Town nor City, yet goes by the Name of both; five Months in the Year 'tis as Populous as *London*, the other seven as desolate as a Wilderness. It's chiefest Inhabitants are Turn-spit-Dogs; and it looks like *Lombard-street* on a Saints-day. During the Season, it hath as many Families in a House as *Edenborough*; and Bills are as thick for Lodgings to be Let, as there was for Houses in the *Fryars* on the Late Act of Parliament for the Dissolution of Priviledges; but when the *Baths* are useless, so are their Houses, and as empty as the new Buildings by St. *Giles* in the Fields: The *Baths* I can compare to nothing but the *Boylers* in *Fleet-lane* or *Old-Bedlam*, for they have a reaking steem all the year. In a word, 'tis a Valley of Pleasure, yet a sink of Iniquity; Nor is there any Intrigues or Debauch Acted at *London*, but is Mimick'd there.

F I N I S.